The Liberalist

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PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Dr. Bradley will be heard and seen in a new, inspiring program *Mondays through Fridays, on WBKB-TV, channel 7—7:55 a.m.* beginning immediately after the closing church service, MONDAY, JUNE 13, 1960.

Closing Sundays

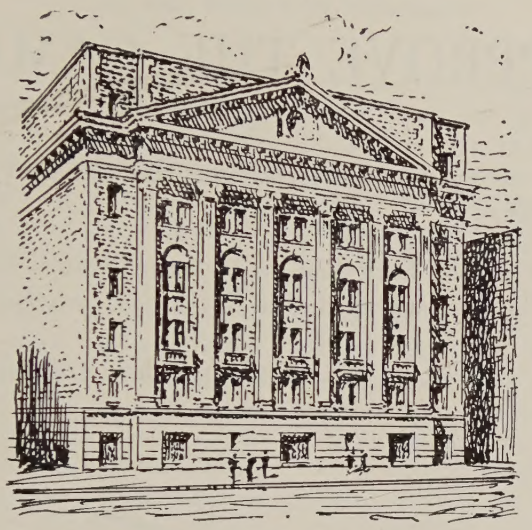
June 5—Youth Sunday
New Members Publicly received.

June 12—Radio Sunday
36th Anniversary of Radio Broadcasting

WCFL—Vesper Broadcast—5:45 p.m. Sundays

Dr. Bradley is preaching during the summer in: Bath and London, England; Belfast and Dublin, Ireland; Copenhagen, Denmark; Paris, France. He returns from Europe on August 13, and goes immediately to his birthplace at Linden, Mich., where on Sunday morning, August 14, he will preach the 100th anniversary sermon of the little white Presbyterian Church in Linden, where he preached his first sermon at the age of fifteen.

Sunday Services resumed for 1960-61 Season Sept. 18, 1960.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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>
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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Tuesday, 8th March

ALL DAY at sea. A beautiful, restful day, although strong northeast trade winds made the sea rather rough. We sat on the sun deck most of the morning, drinking in the beauty of the sky and sea.

In the afternoon the Mauretania Social Club, which is composed of members of the crew, put on a boxing event on the sun island, aft. Members of the crew put on a remarkable and exciting exhibition of boxing. The Staff Captain, Mr. Brinn, with whom we had tea this afternoon, invited me to be chairman of the event. This was a new experience for me but I enjoyed it.

Retired early tonight, because we are going to be up before dawn, when we will arrive at the beautiful harbor of Kingston, Jamaica. I am going to read myself to sleep tonight with C. S. Lewis's most interesting book, "Earth's Last Night."

Wednesday, 9th March

What a day! We were up at five o'clock this morning and it was pitch dark. We went forward on the sun deck at 5:30 this morning and stood there until we anchored about nine o'clock. I think the entrance into Kingston, Jamaica, harbor is the most beautiful scenery I have ever seen. This morning the beauty of the mountains, the sky and the sea, unfolding in the sunlight was an unforgetable experience. As we slowly went down the harbor to anchor I saw a particularly beautiful yacht tied up at a pier. Our course took us aft of the yacht and I was so much interested in all the sights I did not concentrate upon the ship. I was impressed with its beauty and knew immediately it was not a cargo vessel, but I did not give it any other consideration, until June, who knows ships better than most, and who has quite a marine library of her own, looked at it through her glasses and actually shouted "There's the 'Britannia,' the royal yacht." Well, of course, on the second look I knew it, too. I had seen the royal yacht on one or two occasions, once in Southampton, when she sailed quite close to us and we had a very good look at the Queen and the Prince standing on the bridge. Soon word had passed from one to the other that it was the royal yacht "Britannia," and it created a good deal of excitement. The "Britannia" was on a West Indies cruise with the royal princess, an Aunt of the Queen.

Our visit to Kingston had been arranged by some friends of the University College of the West Indies, which is located there. Last year in Chicago I spoke on a program with a student, Rex Nettleford, from the college, who was on his way to spend a year at Oriole College at Oxford, England. His Uncle, who attends our church in Chicago, wrote him we were coming. He is an exceptionally brilliant young man and will distinguish himself in the educational field.

When our tender reached the pier, we were met by Mr. Nettleford, who had a car from the University College and for the next several hours we were entertained by him and members of the college. We were given a luncheon at Myrtlebank Hotel by the Registrar and some members of the faculty. It was a most delightful occasion. I wish many more people knew what is being

done by the University College of the West Indies to raise the intellectual and cultural level of the people. The tragedy is that more tourist and cruise passengers who visit these ports do not see more of the real life and get acquainted with something besides shops and eating places.

To think what has happened to University College since the modest beginning in October, 1948 when a handful of professors, lecturers and undergraduates began work in the shabby, unpainted wooden buildings that had been put up as shelter and home for war refugees from Gibraltar.

The decision to found a University College had been taken as a result of the recommendations of the Irvine Committee and the Asquith Commission on higher education in British colonial territories. Britain, in the middle of the greatest war history has ever known, had given proof of her faith in the destiny of the Commonwealth by setting up this commission. The West Indian governments and people had been consulted and they too had given proof of their confidence in themselves and their future by endorsing the recommendations of the Commission and accepting the commitment to contribute to the recurrent expenditure of the new institution. The decision was an act of confidence and courage on the part of the British Caribbean and the United Kingdom. It was also an act of partnership between the different governments of the British Caribbean, for the College and its Teaching Hospital are a sign and symbol of their aspiration and unity of purpose.

West Indian leaders had long advocated the founding of a university and if there had been money available a flourishing university institution might well have been founded earlier. It is worth remembering that when Benjamin Franklin was trying to establish a medical school in Philadelphia some of the first contributions came from Jamaica. Codrington College, which I visited on two occasions, was founded in Barbados in 1710 but was little more than a grammar school until Bishop Coleridge reorganized it in 1834, and since then its influence has been felt throughout the Eastern Caribbean. The number of its students has never been large and its endowments are modest, so that it has never attempted to provide for the whole of the British West Indies, but it is rightly honored because of the men it has produced and because it was the first academic institution in the region. In 1870 Queen's College was founded in Jamaica but it was short-lived. The need, however, remained and a further attempt to meet it was made in 1890 when University College was founded in Jamaica. This was later amalgamated with Jamaica College.

For more than two centuries West Indians had cherished this idea of a University of their own but two of the main difficulties in the way of its establishment had been isolation from one another and lack of resources. The aeroplane put an end to isolation and has made it easier for the scattered and diverse communities of the British West Indies to work together. The British Government, having fully accepted the ideal of self-government and self-development for British territories, recognized that university training was necessary to this ideal and gave over seven million dollars as a capital sum to be used for building and equipment. The governments of the British Caribbean undertook to maintain a university institution because they saw it was essential for Caribbean development; from it will come the teachers and administrators, the doctors, scientists,

men of business and scholars who will assist in the development of these islands. Educated within the region, responsive to its needs, trained to study its problems and to relate them to the knowledge of the world, they will share in the common task of building a democratic society firmly based on spiritual values.

There was another source of help. When the plans for the establishment of the college were being discussed, West Indians had insisted that a university with low standards would be worse than no university at all. It was agreed that there should be a small, wholly residential institution with a staff of as good quality as in well-established universities. This was done and close association with the University of London was established, and the University of London awards the degrees. The college is assisted and advised from time to time, as it wishes, by the Inter-University Council of Great Britain, which consists of representatives from all the United Kingdom universities. Distance and isolation having been lessened, money was provided and the advice of other universities was available. The time had come for lighting the beacon.

Many changes have taken place since the Chancellor made her installation address. Sir Winston Churchill visited the college in 1953 and became an ardent friend. Today there are in residence more than 350 graduate and undergraduate students reading for the post-graduate diplomas of the College in education or in chemical technology, or for the Master's degree in Science or for the Bachelor's degree in Arts or the Natural Sciences or Medicine. They come from every part of the British West Indies and there are also one or two from Canada, the United Kingdom and West Africa. Caribbean society is made up of people of many races and creeds. The college is fortunate in having students and members of staff who belong to many different countries and races. Just as the British West Indies is contributing today to human progress by establishing a community of diverse peoples with common loyalties, so at the University College there is a happy and vigorous community which demonstrates to our world of tragic divisions how differences can be used to enrich and unify a community.

While the number of students and staff has been growing the site has been transformed. June and I spent hours going over the campus, visiting very modern buildings, excellent classrooms and meeting the faculty and students. I have been invited to give an address at the college on our visit next February. I am looking forward to this with most pleasant anticipation. The government of Jamaica generously provided a square mile of land for the College and Hospital. It is six miles from Kingston and is separated from the city by Long Mountain. To the northeast of Long Mountain is a narrow strip of the Liguanea plain and beyond that the magnificent background of mountains dominated by the Blue Mountain Peak, 7,000 feet high. The College and Hospital are situated on what must surely be one of the most beautiful sites in the world. Especially was it beautiful at sunset, with the changing colors of the mountains and the cloud shadows and twinkling lights of the hill villages. It is within easy reach of the city so that the Hospital is easily accessible to the public. The area gives ample room for expansion—in fact, the architects have planned it as it might be developed 100 years from now—and 80 acres of land have been reserved for games. Here, perhaps, in years to come test-matches will be played.

Much of the pasture land and scrub has now been transformed into lawns and gardens, though large areas have been reserved for future needs. Now they give a peaceful background of pasture and woodland. Around the old camp with its wooden buildings stand the new buildings designed by the firm of Norman and Dawbarn of London and erected by Messrs. Higgs and Hill. The buildings have been planned with skill and feeling and are in harmony with the beauty of their surroundings.

The best approach to the College is the way Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth took in November, 1953, when she visited the College and Hospital. Sir Winston took the same route when he visited the College. Her Majesty went up the Queen's Drive, the new science laboratories on her left, towards the Senate House and past the line of the fourteen flags of the countries of the British Caribbean. Beyond the Senate House are the lecture rooms and offices of the Faculty of Arts and of the Department of Education, and the library which already has some 50,000 volumes; and beyond these again are the Halls of Residence—Irvine Hall, Chancellor Hall, Taylor Hall—with accommodation for 150 women and 300 men.

The new nurses' home has accommodation for 220 nurses, and near it is the 300-bed hospital, which in its first year was used by more than 180,000 patients. Nor is this all. There are 80 houses for members of staff, workshops and playing fields and other installations. All these have been provided from the capital grant, and in the Senate House there is a beautifully carved mahogany panel which was unveiled by Her Majesty and which records the gratitude of the people of the British Caribbean to the people of the United Kingdom for the gift of the College buildings. The College and Hospital buildings have all been erected within the time agreed and, although with necessary modifications for the sake of economy, within the capital sum which was provided. The range of teaching has been widened and the program of development accelerated in an effort to meet some of the urgent needs of the region. Schools are short of teachers, and especially of science teachers; both government and industry are in need of qualified scientists and so teaching in the Natural Sciences was begun a year earlier than was planned. Because of this the College was able to produce its first graduates in science in 1952; in that year 17 students sat for the examination for the general degree of Bachelor of Science of the University of London and of these 15 passed, four with first-class honors. Since there is urgent need for the specialist, as well as for the scientist with general qualifications, arrangements were made for those students who were most gifted in science to continue their studies and to work for the Master of Science degree. There are now nine of these post-graduate students. A further effort was made to meet the needs of the region for scientists with special interests in industry by organizing a post-graduate course of studies in Chemical Technology. This course has been supported by a grant from the Sugar Manufacturers' Association of Jamaica.

There is urgent need also throughout the region for trained teachers and for young men and women who are qualified to enter the administrative services. Development is the child of knowledge. The economic and political development of the region depends on knowledge. The services of men and women with university training are urgently needed. For this reason, and in

spite of severe limitations of staff, teaching for Honors degrees in the Arts has been undertaken and a Department of Education has been established. Since this work demands research if it is to be effective a research program into some of the educational needs of the region is now being organized with generous help from the Carnegie Corporation.

The same policy of trying to meet local needs has been followed in the Faculty of Medicine, and it was because of the shortage of doctors that the College started its work with teaching in medicine.

This close relationship between the College and the Community is vital. The University College and its Teaching Hospital are not only in the West Indies but are of the West Indies. The courses of study are planned in close collaboration with the University of London, but they have close association to the Caribbean, its political and natural history, its literature, its society. An active program of extramural work has been organized throughout the region. The Teaching Hospital is cosmopolitan, with about one-third consisting of West Indians, and the proportion will increase.

Through an active and full research program the College and Teaching Hospital are already making a contribution to the world of learning. They are acquiring a reputation for active research. It is surprising how much of the Caribbean is still unexplored territory. Tourists and members of cruises go there by the hundreds. They see only the port towns and these towns usually at their worst. The tourists seem largely to be concerned with buying something, ofttimes which could be purchased as cheaply and better at home. They learn little of what is actually taking place in the West Indies.

June and I have visited the West Indies four times now, and haven't even started to know the real people, their history, their hopes and their ideals. Work has been done in the history of the Caribbean, its geology and natural history, its economic and social conditions, but the surface has only been scratched. An Institute of Social and Economic Research is carrying out investigations into a variety of subjects connected with the economy and society of the region—subjects like national income, population increase, social structure and other similar fields. The work will be valuable in a variety of ways: for instance, it will be easier for governments to make proper fiscal provision if they know more of the facts about their national income. The economics of agriculture and especially of peasant agriculture need much closer attention. In the field of language the Faculty of Arts is concerned with a study of the West Indian dialects while in the natural sciences biologists, chemists and physicists are engaged in the study of problems springing out of Caribbean conditions and the Caribbean environment.

Much remains to be done. A beginning, and a most promising beginning has been made under the distinguished leadership of the Chancellor of the University College, Her Royal Highness Princess Alice. With help it will be possible to respond to the challenge of Queen Elizabeth who, on her recent visit, said to the Council and Members of the College:

"Follow with courage and confidence the path on which you have set your feet . . . Go forward to meet the challenging tasks that await you with a feeling of exciting opportunity, eager optimism and high adventure."

This afternoon we were privileged to go out to Spanish Town, a short dis-

tance from Jamaica, to visit an ancient cathedral, where we had the privilege of meeting the Dean and the Clergy, and received an invitation to remain for the visit of the Royal Princess. There were only a few people permitted in the cathedral and we had the rare opportunity of being two of the few. The last time I saw the Royal Princess was in 1914, in the City of Edinburg. She was driving with her father and mother, the late King George III and Queen Mary, on her way to Holyrood Palace. To see her now, after all of these years was an interesting experience. She has a very pleasing personality and was most gracious. She took an interest in the old cathedral, as the Dean showed her its treasures. We could not tarry too long as we wanted to see as much of the countryside as we could before dark.

Thursday, 10th March

We were at anchor all night and went ashore this morning to visit the cathedral and the Botanical Gardens, then to the King's House and the Governor's residence and back to the ship and on our way to New York.

Tomorrow we will stop at Haiti, where I shall visit with my old friend, Dr. U. G. Dailey, and then sail for New York.

Keep looking up!

"A WORLD FOR TODAY"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
May 1, 1960

TODAY is Loyalty Sunday. I love the word loyalty. There is a certain fine ring about that word that just gladdens one's heart: loyalty! You and I like loyal people. I think one of the greatest virtues a person can have is the virtue of loyalty. And why was May the First chosen as Loyalty Sunday throughout the nation? It was chosen by Proclamation of the President of the United States, and I wish every citizen would read the President's Proclamation for this day. It is a statesman-like utterance, and one which I wish every diplomat in the whole world could read. Read the President's Proclamation for this day! And it was designated as May the First because May the First has been used around the world as the day on which Communism gives its great parades and its great ceremonies and its great observances of what it has accomplished in the world! It is the day that manifests throughout the earth usually the pageantry and the activity of a Communist philosophy of life. It has been used often by labor and, quite appropriately, by constructive labor movements and labor activities, but recently it has been taken over, almost exclusively, by Communist demonstrations throughout the world! That is being done today: millions and millions on this day, May the First, in the Communist controlled countries of the world are all expressing in pageantry and parade, in music and in ceremony the achievements of Communism!

One of the great tragedies, I think, of the democratic philosophy of life is that it lacks the capacity of dramatizing itself! It lacks the capacity of becoming the spectacular center of the affections of people. We take it for granted! And down through the years democracy has seemed to be incapable of dramatizing itself as the Communists and the Fascists and Nazis of con-

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The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
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EDITORIAL

PROFESSOR Henry Drummond, in his monumental little classic, "The Greatest Thing in the World," has probably presented, except for biblical literature, the finest treatise on love extant.

Calling love "The Greatest Thing in the World," is no exaggeration. There are many segments of love and many kinds. Love of home, love of country, love of one's work, love of friends, the sacrificial love of wedlock, and love of humanity; one could go on with an infinite variety of classifications, but there is a golden thread of love which unites them all into one fabric.

No one in the history of mankind understood this great common denominator of love like Jesus. It was the great imperative of everything he said and everything he did. There was no other motif in his life.

I know of an 85-year-old retired teacher who for twenty years has been holding children's meetings in her home in the interest of world friendship and practical Christianity. She has nine groups each month at her home—boys and girls from all the churches in the city, of different races as far as possible, among them one Negro and several Mexicans. Ninety-four different children were in her home last month, forty in the three groups that met last week, children of the first five grades in school. This goes on from October through May.

They play games of other lands, have an offering for the needy children of the world, which is made a definite act of worship, then stories are told of the boys and girls of other lands, or of minority groups of our own land. The children become interested in children of other races and creeds, and learn of the conditions under which many of them have to live, and of the fine responses so many of them make when opportunity comes their way. The very act of their meeting together and working together, though they attend different churches, helps to do away with prejudice. At one time six girls and the teacher—one a Catholic, three Methodists, one Free Methodist and one a Seventh Day Adventist, were wrapping packages together to be sent as gifts—international co-operation in embryo. Here is an expression of love at its highest and best. Doing away with hate and criticism through better understanding of each other.

(*Continued from page* 10)

temporary history have dramatized themselves during these past years. And I put Communism and Fascism and Nazism all in the same bracket: I have no more use for Communism than I have for Fascism, nor than I have for Nazism!

I disbelieve in and repudiate with every atom of what intellectual ability I have the philosophy of dictatorship as the answer to the problems of mankind! I don't want any doubts about that, either on the part of myself or this church! I am opposed fundamentally, and I have always been opposed, and I shall continue my opposition as long as I have breath and health to do so to any philosophy of government or any effort of government that destroys the dignity of the human personality! And I will challenge any student of Communism or any devotee of Communism to prove to me that Communism does not destroy the dignity of the individual personality! It is a cog machine and number-controlled philosophy of life, and I believe with the Master of Galilee that the most important thing in the world is "the individual".

I am opposed to anything that robs the individual of his right to think for himself, to read for himself, to worship for himself, and to exercise the God-given faculty of developing his own personality. I am opposed to such a philosophy and to such a government, no matter how much they try to uphold its virtues or to extend its accomplishments! The final problem rests with the dignity of the human personality, and no one can ever convince me that that dignity of the human personality is ever maintained in a country where the people are not free to worship, free to read, free to think, free to act, and can have a variety of people for whom to vote in an election! All the other virtues may be there, latent and insipient, but when the individual personality is mutilated or robbed of its right to growth and development on the basis of individual freedom, it is in opposition to the very law of progress and to the great power of the human personality!

This cold war, my friends, is finally a war about only one thing: it is not merely involved in the economic stability or the projection of industrial equilibrium in the world (it is more than a question of territory, of boundary lines, of states and of nations). This cold war is fundamentally and finally about only one thing: it is a battle for the mind of man! That is the cold war analyzed down to its complete and utter finality: what are the ideals which the mind of man will ultimately accept as the opportunity for the full fruition and development of man! This cold war is a battle for the minds of men, and in a battle for the minds of men I stand where I have always stood; for the unlimited and unrestricted opportunity of the mind of man to become thoroughly and deeply aware of what is happening in the world that would ultimately destroy his own freedom!

You can resolve Communism to two things. It's not complicated; it's not intricate! It can be seen vividly and clearly! What are those two things? First: dialectical materialism. That is the deification of reason as the answer to all the problems! The deification of reason. Therefore, what the mind of man cannot reason and cannot fathom is non-existent and unimportant and unreal, so write on the walls of the Kremlin: "Religion is an opiate of the

people!" and throw God out the window and advance materialistic atheism.

Deify reason! That is the basis of the atheistic materialism of Communistic philosophy: the deification of human reasoning! We know that "the heart hath reasons which the mind cannot know." The heart has its reasons too, and it is through the highway of the heart that man is led, through faith and hope and love to the heart of God. Atheism is so untenable as a philosophy that I do not think it is a mark of intellectual integrity or respect for a person to accept atheism! I would be able to defend it from any atheist I know or ever read or heard of! And the basis of Communistic philosophy, in the idealogical sense here, is a denial of any factor in the human experience that cannot be reasoned and accepted through the process of reason.

Who can reason God? What reason can penetrate the mystery of life? The individual who accepts that is blighted —blighted—and there will turn, inside of him, destructive forces that will shatter him and leave him a tragic failure along the wrecks of life! You can't build a life, and you can't build a nation, on atheism or dialectical materialism!

The other basic principle is that man is an economic animal: that his future is conditioned entirely by the condition of his economics, and that principle in Communism is called economic determinism—that our future is involved only with our economy! Therefore, give people protection, security, food, shelter and the opportunity of procreation, and man will be perfectly content and will go on his way irresponsive of the spiritual and divine qualities of his nature! That blighting philosophy of economic determinism that man is an economic animal, I repudiate with every atom of my being. Man is something more than a matter of economic structure; there have been moments in the life of man when he was willing to starve and to experience the depths of poverty and agony, but retain his self-respect and his ideal of freedom!

This idea that man must be comfortable and secure as the only basis of liberty is a lie, and it's one of the biggest lies of human history! When I come to that point I cannot equivocate; I cannot compromise! I can see the realism of commercial prosperity and the building of power and the structure of military might, but that, in the long run, does not frighten me, because I know that the ultimate power is soul power! It was soul power which Gandhi had! It is soul power which Albert Schweitzer has! It was soul power which Kagawa (who so recently died in the past few days in Japan) had! It was soul power which Wilberforce had! It was soul power possessed by these great men—fundamental, structural personalities in history. They haven't been powerful in a materialistic sense at all, or in a mechanistic sense. They have been powerful because of the quality of their souls, and any philosophy of life or philosophy of government that kills the soul of man is a philosophy of life and a philosophy of government that will not remain.

So on this Loyalty Sunday, which is an attempt to answer the dramatization of the unrest and the materialistic and mechanistic philosophy in the world, we stand under the thrill of the spiritual ideal of freedom! Loyalty to that ideal was never more needed than it is today!—Loyalty to the ideal of the development and expansion of the full personality with no dictators, be they Communist, Fascist or Nazi! No dictator can reach out and clutch the

human soul of man and stifle that soul into a piece of machinery or a cog in a wheel!

My flag is flying from the masthead of my ideals of freedom, and it was never flying more steadily than it is flying in this treacherous, torturous hour when loyalty to freedom is the highest loyalty, and soul quality is that which will give motivation to that freedom! It doesn't matter, the size of the flagstaff; it doesn't matter how high it is or how large it is—the thing that matters on the flagstaff of one's life, and the only thing that matters, is the colors you fly from the flagstaff! It's the colors of life that matter: the ideals; the impenetrable, imperishable ideals that man was made to be free, and he will never stop his long, torturous struggle to the stars until freedom is his life and his soul!

And now may each of us have a renewal and a reconsecration to the ideals of freedom. May we have no other or higher loyalty than to be loyal to those influences, philosophies, ideologies and personalities that point man ever more carefully, constructively and creatively toward the beauty of freedom. And now, may that peace which this world cannot give and neither can this world take away, be and abide in each of your hearts today and tomorrow and tomorrow!

BOOK CHATS

AFRICAN Voices, The First Anthology of Native African Writing, selected and edited by Peggy Rutherfoord, The Vanguard Press, Inc. $3.95.

Peggy Rutherfoord, who selected and edited *African Voices,* was commissioned to compile this anthology by Jim Bailey, proprietor of *Drum,* the magazine with the largest circulation throughout Africa. She went out to Johannesburg to work on *Drum* in its early stages and then spent three years in compiling this anthology. To have the slightest idea of what a difficult task she undertook, one needs to read her introduction to the book. She traveled to many parts of Africa. This is the first collection of native writing to be published in this country.

Can Themba, of Drum Publications, says in his foreword;

"This is us: Africa speaking to Africa and to the world. This anthology is not just about a grumpy, grousing South Africa, but about the whole of Africa: flamboyant West Africa, where men thrust elbows into each other's ribs and laugh broadly over their jokes; East Africa, with its strong Arab influence; traditional Africa, with the funny wisdom that lurks in the antics of animals and the ways of Ju-Ju men and witchdoctors. Here are the dreams about the great things that we yet will do; the long dictionary words and the colourful regalia with which we swathe our dark bodies: that is us. . . . Peggy Rutherfoord has delved deep into the literary store of our black Africa to compile this anthology, which shows us in the many moods that are ours. Somewhere or another on the continent there is a new civilization beginning to appear, a new African culture—there are traces of it here."

How wise it is for us to read and read and read the native literature of another country; also to read that which is written about other countries

by authentic writers. We are too easily satisfied with newspaper stories which may be slanted this way or that. Let us really try to understand a people and a country from the inside out rather than the outside in.

There is a framework of a country and there is also a flesh over the bare bones of the skeleton or framework. The flesh over the framework of a country and the spiritual side of a country is the people of the country. A country is people—not just land and government and the machinery of government. Let us meet the hearts of the people in order to understand the country.

In an article in this anthology of Africa, titled "Tell Freedom," by Peter Abrahams, is an account by a small boy of an episode in his boyhood days which brought tears to my eyes and a tightening of my throat. We little know what much of the world has gone through and is still going through. I hope this is a story of long ago—but could it be of today? I'm not saying our country is not liable or vulnerable. There are many happenings in our own land which we are either ignorant of or close our eyes and ears to. But the world is growing smaller every day, so that all the countries are in a way our country too—a responsibility pressing against our hearts, especially if it is a story like that of little Lee, Coloured.

In July of 1953, Kwame Nkrumah made a speech known as "The Motion of Destiny." In this anthology there is an article titled "Ghana," which is an extract from that speech:

"Among the colonial peoples, there is a vast, untapped reservoir of peace and goodwill towards Britain, would she but divest herself of the outmoded, moth-eaten trappings of two centuries ago, and present herself to her colonial peoples in a new and shining vestment and hand us the olive branch of peace and love, and give us a guiding hand in working out our own destinies.

"In the very early days of the Christian era, long before England had assumed any importance, long even before her people had united into a nation, our ancestors had attained a great empire, which lasted until the eleventh century, when it fell before the attacks of the Moors of the North. At its height that empire stretched from Timbuktu to Bamako, and even as far as to the Atlantic. It is said that lawyers and scholars were much respected in that empire and that the inhabitants of Ghana wore garments of wool, cotton, silk and velvet. There was trade in copper, gold and textile fabrics, and jewels and weapons of gold and silver were carried.

"Thus may we take pride in the name of Ghana, not out of romanticism, but as an inspiration for the future. It is right and proper that we should know about our past. For just as the future moves from the present so that present has emerged from the past. Nor need we be ashamed of our past. There was much in it of glory. What our ancestors achieved in the context of their contemporary society gives us confidence that we can create, out of that past, a glorious future, not in terms of war and military pomp, but in terms of social progress and of peace. For we repudiate war and violence. Our battles shall be against the old ideas that keep men trammelled in their own greed; against the crass stupidities that breed hatred, fear and inhumanity. The heroes of our future will be those who can lead our people out of the stifling fog of disintegration through serfdom, into the valley of light where purpose, endeavor and determination will create that brother-

hood which Christ proclaimed two thousand years ago, and about which so much is said, but so little done."

We here quote one of the poems from this anthology, which contains prose and poetry, from all parts of Africa:

STANLEY MEETS MUTESA

James D. Rubadiri

Such a time of it they had;
The heat of the day
The chill of the night
And the mosquitoes that followed.
Such was the time and
They bound for a kingdom.

The thin weary line of carriers
With tattered dirty rags to cover their backs;
The battered bulky chests
That kept on falling off their shaven heads.
Their tempers high and hot
The sun fierce and scorching
With it rose their spirits
With it fell their hopes
As each day sweated their bodies dry and
Flies clung in clumps on their sweat-scented backs.
Such was the march
And the hot season just breaking.

Each day a weary pony dropped,
Left for the vultures on the plains;
Each afternoon a human skeleton collapsed,
Left for the Masai on the plains;
But the march trudged on
Its Khaki leader in front
He the spirit that inspired.
He the light of hope.

Then came the afternoon of a hungry march,
A hot and hungry march it was;
The Nile and the Nyanza
Lay like two twins
Azure across the green countryside.
The march leapt on chanting
Like young gazelles to a water hole.
Hearts beat faster
Loads felt lighter
As the cool water lapt their sore soft feet.
No more the dread of hungry hyenas
But only tales of valor when
At Mutesa's court fires are lit.
No more the burning heat of the day
But song, laughter and dance.

The village looks on behind banana groves,
Children peer behind reed fences.
Such was the welcome
No singing women to chant a welcome
Or drums to greet the white ambassador;
Only a few silent nods from aged faces
And one rumbling drum roll
To summon Mutesa's court to parley
For the country was not sure.

The gate of reeds is flung open,
There is silence
But only a moment's silence—
A silence of assessment.
The tall black king steps forward,
He towers over the thin bearded white man
Then grabbing his lean white hand
Manages to whisper
"Mtu mweupe karibu"
White man you are welcome.
The gate of polished reed closes behind them
And the west is let in.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

IT WOULD seem as though something should be done about April — and I'm not talking about the weather, though that was odd enough to be talked about. So many folks put away their warm clothing only to find it necessary to climb up and get the box or bundle down from the top shelf and get out the warm things again. But there is another difficulty about April, and it seems to get worse and worse. I mean all the club dinners that accumulate into the month of April!

I went to the Sunday Arts Club closing dinner, the Woman's Club closing luncheon, the Friends of Literature Shakespeare Dinner, the clos-

ing church dinner, the Professional and Business Woman's Club closing dinner and disappointed a lot of people by not finding it physically possible to attend the Division Convention of the Dale Carnegie Alumni Association. Dinner piled up on top of dinner, and luncheon on top of luncheon, until it became a giddy whirl and a gastronomical feat and one did wish that these dinners and luncheons might be distributed a little more widely instead of all being piled into one short period of time. Probably one should belong to fewer clubs and organizations. We are so terrifically organized in this day and age.

* * *

There is always extra work to be completed prior to vacation time; and when in addition to this and preparing for the vacation, one is packing, moving, enjoying the visit of the decorators and then unpacking and settling, the question just naturally arises, is the vacation going to be worth all this effort? I do hope so, for I am the one who has been going through this above-mentioned struggle, and I most certainly should be ready for the vacation when it arrives.

* * *

Our Mail Bag letters have piled up to such a height, it would seem as though all possible space should be given to them, and because they are so varied and interesting, I am going to delve into them at once:

Girl Scouts take note:

Some time ago Dr. Bradley had a letter from Marian H. Krouskup, of 4856 N. Karlov Ave., stating she was mailing to him an autographed copy of "Letters to a Convalescent." She enclosed a newspaper clipping from Joliet, where lives Miss Elma Barnes, author of this book. Girls from Girl Scout Troop 8, from Willow Ave. Presbyterian Church were planning to present this book to children's wards in the hospitals of Joliet.

The "Letters" were written by the author to a small boy who was ill and unable to get out and enjoy the changing seasons. Miss Barnes lives in a quaint 100-year-old cottage on the edge of town with her 83-year-old mother and a sister, and on the edge of a wooded area, which may account for her writing of rabbits, animals of the forest, birds and fairies. Perhaps our scouts would like to read this book and through it discover a project for shut-in children.

* * *

When someone can fall down the stairs head first, causing them to be laid up for nearly two years, and still can be light-hearted about it, the letter they write should be shared. This letter was "snowed-under" in our Mail Bag mail. Written a few months ago in response to our re-publishing an article which appeared in the Tribune, here it is:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

The world is full of surprises for me these days! I was surprised that Grace thought me worth writing about—much more surprised when the Tribune felt the article worth publishing—and now you astound me by feeling it worthy of re-publication!

Thank you! And yet the whole thing gives me a sort of naked feeling—I'm not an anti-publicity crank like my husband, who won't have a word about himself published (they had to get that picture of him from their files, as he would not let the photographer include him in the picture taken here) but I always feel it really shouldn't happen to me. Thanks, anyhow.

I was so glad to see your little magazine—I liked it so much I'm sending in a subscription. I'm in your Sunday congregation very often—by radio. Nearly two years ago I fell down our entire front stairway, eighteen steps, head first. Didn't break a thing, thereby proving I must have been born to be hung, but did such a good job of bruising, I haven't been out of the house since, save twice, on a stretcher, to go live for a bit with Mr. Michael Reese. I'm now limping almost well enough to call it a walk, but still cling to my wheeled chair! However, with radio, TV (for which I don't care much) my friends, books and most of all the most devoted of husbands, who has never bored me in fifty-four years, I get along well—not kicking a kick!

Thank you again—with all you do, you're a wonder to spend any time at all on me. Well, anyhow, you're a wonder—'nough said.

Sincerely yours,
Mary D. Donahey.

P.S. Having been brought up in the family of an Episcopalian minister who built two churches, I appreciate the work you do better than most can! M.D.

* * *

The following letter is from a little girl, who I think must be too young to be expected to use a typewriter. However, her letter is typewritten and I shall give it to you just as she wrote it and spelled it:

Dear Dr. Bradly:

How are you? I am fine. How is Mrs. Bradly?

I hear you every Sunday morning at 11:00 and at night at 5:45 or 15 to 6:00. I like it very much.

I like the way you Preach His Word. Sometimes when we get up late or don't go to Church I get my Bible out and my mom gets her Bible and we would sit on a chair and play Church. I was the minister!

We read the Bible and sang songs. It was just like a real church.

Infact when we do this I think of you. Well this isn't much of a letter. But I have to go I hope you don't mind. Say hello to Mrs. Bradly. I love you! I LOVE YOU!

Sincerely,
Phyllis E. Dexter,
Melrose Park, Illinois.

P.S. Kind of slopey.

* * *

Whether her letter is "sloppy" or not, it was nice for Phyllis to write to her pastor, Dr. Bradley, and he certainly appreciates it.

* * *

Here is a nostalgic letter so many of our readers will appreciate:

Dear Doctor Bradley:

Twenty-six years ago tonight my husband, mother, dad, and I attended your first book review. Tonight my husband and I were there. So were the great throng of humans who filled the auditorium and Channing Hall to overflowing then. At least — I felt their presence. Their faces loom up from every crook and cranny of the building for those of us who know your church so well from the very beginning. We carry the memories inside our hearts and minds of the grand, dignified old neighborhood. The many, many inspiring evenings spent with you in your church will never be forgotten.

Reminiscing a bit, there were evenings with Will Durant, Sinclair Lewis, H. G. Wells, Will Rogers, Clarence Darrow, Margaret Mitchell, Margaret Ayer Barnes, Carl Sandburg, etc., etc.; your first sermons from the stage of the Pantheon Theatre (we were a couple of "just married" kids then), and—the realization of your dream and the dedi-

cation of your own church; our delight to be able to contribute (with much sacrifice and budgeting) our small contribution towards the building fund; the Christmas pageants and candlelight services, the time my husband ushered and someone placed a $100.00 bill in the collection basket; the founding of the Uptown Players—and your Jimmy. And then—changes for us.

Moving away, long weary days of depression, hard work, loss of energy and slowing down of pace. Then, after twenty-three years of a childless marriage the opportunity to adopt a baby boy presented itself to us. We called him Jimmy.

Jim is 15 now, a sophomore at Evanston Township High School. One Sunday morning after he had attended his early morning church service here in Evanston, he heard your voice over the radio. He tuned in the sermon "Trust the Captain." Now on Sunday mornings he hurries home from an early service at the church here, to tune in Dr. Bradley at 11 o'clock. We're glad —very glad. May your voice be heard for many more Sundays and may many young people hear you. You have a vital message for them that must not be silenced. They need you so much.

My mother and dad are gone now, as are some of your loved ones too. But when we were in your church last night they were all there.

God bless you and keep you well.

Sincerely yours,

Lillian Siebel.

* * *

A letter came from Fort Lauderdale, Florida, but it is mostly about Michigan, Dr. Bradley's home State and about Linden, his home town:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I am a stranger to you, but though I've never met you, I feel as though you are an old friend.

For thirty-three years my husband and I lived in Gary, Indiana, and your sermons were a *must* with us, when we could be at home. Then, too, you spoke at Vesper Service several times at the Central Christian Church there; being our church, of course we were always there if possible.

Then my husband retired and we wanted to get out of the city, and where do you suppose we moved to? Fenton, Michigan, just five miles from your home town of Linden. That was in 1950. How we loved that community, and of course I still do.

Nineteen months after we were nicely settled, with a lovely cottage at Lake Tipsico, where my wonderful husband of forty-four years could fish every day he cared to, without warning, he called to me to get the doctor quick, and that was all. He slipped away, and I was left alone in a new home. But oh, "those dear hearts and gentle people" never let me down. My visiting friends and relatives of that sad time marveled at how many wonderful friends came to me and gave every help they could. No doubt many of them you know: Murray Chase, our next-door neighbor, many friends from Linden, Flint, and all over that country.

My husband lies at rest a short distance from your loved ones. I have taken fresh flowers to his resting place and also to your sacred place. Now, after seven years, there are dear friends all around him.

I always take visiting friends from Gary to see your unusual marker, which to me is the nicest one out there.

My friends and yours, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Falconbury, of Wheeler, Indiana, last Christmas sent me your church magazine, "The Liberalist," for one year, as a gift. I am enjoying each copy so much—can assure you every word is read.

My only son and his wife live here

in this beautiful city, and since I'm alone and a victim of arthritis, I come here for the winter months. I return to Fenton around April 1st.

I am now past seventy-four years of age, my hand not too steady any more, but wanted you to know how much I love the place where you lived, and loved it. My little bungalow is on a branch of the Shiawassee River, and I hope as long as the dear Lord sees fit I can keep my home, and stay right there.

What a wonderful life you have had, and the good you have done and are still doing. I look forward to your magazine each month with great pleasure. I am, sincerely,

Your neighbor in spirit if not in reality,

Mrs. Edith Pagett.

What a dear letter, and how lovely of her to share the flowers for her loved one with Dr. Bradley's loved ones! How much kindness is spread that we do not even hear of. We hope, with her, that Mrs. Pagett may keep the beloved bungalow on the Shiawassee.

* * *

The young students Dr. Bradley addresses so often are a great inspiration to him and you will certainly enjoy this letter which is self-explanatory:

Dear Doctor Bradley:

I am writing in reference to the Annual Dinner of the Izaak Walton League. I am writing you as President of the Conservation Club of Lyons Township High School of LaGrange, Illinois.

In our introduction we were presented as representatives of New Trier High School, a truly fine school of the United States. Lyons Township and New Trier are both found in a list of the top twelve high schools of the nation. At the dinner we found it quite unnecessary to distinguish our representation.

Speaking for myself, sir, I was indeed overwhelmed by your magnificent presentation concerning the dire need for conservation in our daily lives. Our Conservation Club, although consisting of about only 50 members, is doing its best to uphold conservation beliefs and work. We are quite concerned with the Wilderness Dunes Bills on the floor of the Congress at this time. We have sent many letters to different Senators, telling of our support of these beneficial bills.

To me, sir, your presentation was an inspiration of lifelong importance. I indeed hope that you may sometime address our school on conservation and educational needs of the United States as a country, an institution and a free place in which to dwell. I believe your words would leave an indelible, lasting impression upon every mind of the student body. I found this out, sir, through listening to you and meeting you personally. For, Dr. Bradley, I have realized that that Friday night when I met you, sir, I met a man, a true man, with an ever-giving abundance of knowledge and personality and a high degree of nobleness. Through your church and as a founder of the Izaak Walton League, I'm sure you have helped hundreds through your words, and indeed rare congeniality to all races of people. I want to thank you, sir, just thank you.

Very sincerely yours,

Bert E. Jacobs.

Young Mr. Jacobs has the splendid qualities of sincerity and appreciation and we feel sure that he will find, through these qualities, a rich and rewarding life.

* * *

This next letter, from Indianapolis, Indiana, is mostly about someone other than Dr. Bradley, but we think you will find it of interest:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I've been listening to you on the radio for many years—ever since I made my first one-tube radio in the early 'Twenties. It seems that you also have another Indianapolis listener. I am enclosing a clipping from the Indianapolis News of Friday, in which your name is mentioned and a part of your sermon quoted by our friend, Myrtie Barker. Miss Barker writes the best thing in that paper, or any other paper so far as I am concerned. For over ten years she has produced three articles each week (Monday, Wednesday and Friday) never failing to write something that is read by every subscriber with interest. Her style is unique. Just how she can cover a subject so adequately in such small space I can never understand. Not since the Lusitania went down with Elbert Hubbard aboard has there been any person who writes with such effectiveness. Indeed, her style more closely approaches that of Hubbard than any other writer.

Let me tell you something about her:

She is forty-some-odd years of age; lives in a wheelchair; a victim of polio, and has been in this chair since eleven years old. I have met her several times. She has visited us in our home. I first met her a few years ago when she published a little book entitled "Parade of Days." I wrote her a letter of appreciation for her book, and she called me on the 'phone and invited us out to see her. We went: found her at "her window" in that wheel chair, busy writing. That is the first I knew that she was physically handicapped. Her address is 699 East 96th Street, Indianapolis 20, Indiana.

She told me one day that she wanted so very much to visit your church in Chicago. Her friends take her about in automobiles. By the way, she is a wonderful public speaker. I have heard her make two speeches: one entitled "Straws in the Wind" and one called "In the Arms of a Stranger." She would be greatly uplifted to get a personal letter from you. Thanks.

Yours admiringly,

George S. Rainey.

We do not have the article by Myrtie Barker close at hand at the moment, but I believe she writes a column called "My Window of the World," for the Indianapolis News. Perhaps other readers are familiar with it. If so, why not write to Myrtie and tell her you saw this little item about her. Just write to Myrtie Barker, Indianapolis News, Indianapolis, Indiana.

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

WEDDINGS

9—Miss Doris Noojin and Mr. Michael Racich (from University of Mexico, Las Cruces)
16—Francis Groudzki and George Duvowski
Genevieve Jones and William T. MacHarg
Marie Gunther and Joseph E. Murdock
23—Irene Mullaney and Richard Mayfield
23—Judith Kluck and Frank Bunting
24—Lolita Ratelle and Vernon Simonson
30—Mrs. Bobbie E. Bullard and Mr. John W. Hanna
Mrs. Donna Barkley and James E. Currie
Sondra Dawn and Oliver Krueger

CHRISTENINGS

17—Carol Jean Petersen, d. of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Petersen
Denise Louise Bramwell, d. of Mr. and Mrs. John Bramwell
Jeffrey Mark Nelson, s. of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wayne Nelson
David Robert DeArkland, s. of Mr. and Mrs. Robert DeArkland
17—LeAnn Hettinger, d. of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hettinger
Dawn Renae Reller, d. of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Reller
Lillie Robson Coffman (Adult) d. of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robson
24—Margarita Antoinette Wagner, d. of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Wagner

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

APRIL

1—Attended reception by Canadian Consul General and Mrs. Gerald A. Newman to meet Frances Hyland, Canadian Actress.
2—Worked in Study.
3—Morning service, Peoples Church.
Address, Professional and Business Woman's Club, Anderson Hall.
Broadcasts, WLS, WCFL, WEBH-FM.
4—Opening Ceremonies of Robert McCormick Boy's Club.
Funeral.
Luncheon, People to People, Whitehall Club.
Sick calls.
5—Worked in Study.
Banquet, Pioneers of Broadcasting, Conrad Hilton Hotel.
6—Cut seven TV tapes, WBKB.
Hospital calls.
Lenten Sermon, Peoples Church.
Banquet honoring Irv Kupcinet.
7—Funeral.
Address, Chicago Flat Janitors, Musician's Hall.
8—Meeting, Uptown Chamber of Commerce, Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Funeral.
Hospital calls.
Address. Chicago Buddhist Church, Wesak Festival.
9—Worked in Study.
10—Palm Sunday Sermon.
Address, Peoples Church, Independence Hall Awards.
Evening Sermon.
Broadcasts, WLS, WCFL, WEBH-FM.
11—Noon Service, Erlanger Theatre, 34th year in Loop.
Conference with lawyer re cousin's estate.
Meeting Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library.
12—Noon service Erlanger Theatre.
Conference at Fritzel's.
13—Noon service, Erlanger Theatre.
Cut nine Video tapes, WBKB.
Lenten Sermon, Peoples Church.
14—Noon Service, Erlanger Theatre.
Communion Service, Peoples Church.
Hospital calls.
15—Noon service, Erlanger Theatre.
Good Friday sermon, Peoples Church.
16—Three weddings.
17—Christening service and Reception New Members, People's Church.
Easter sermon—"The Life Indestructible."
Vesper Sermon. "The Life Beautiful."
Evening Sermon. "My Faith Grows Stronger."
Broadcasts, WLS, WCFL, WEBH-FM.
18—Two Funerals.
19—Address, Evanston Borrowed Time Club.
Address, Chicago Chapter, American Women Public Accountants.
20—Worked in Study.
Address. Ushers' Dinner, New Lawrence Hotel.
Address. Chapell Public School PTA.
21—Cut five records for WCFL.
22—Cut nine Video tapes for WBKB.
Appointment WEBH-FM.
Address. Annual Dinner The Alumni Assoc. of University of Michigan.
23—Two weddings.
29th Annual Shakespeare Dinner, Bismarck Hotel.
24—Morning Sermon, Peoples Church.
Wedding.
Christening.
Morning service was televised by WGN-TV.
Broadcasts by WLS and WCFL.
25—Board Meeting, Chicago Public Library.
26—Address. Harvey Association of Commerce, Harvey, Ill.
27—Address, annual dinner, Cedar Rapids Chamber of Commerce, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
28—Address. Annual Dinner, Salt Creek Chapter, I.W.L.A., Ruth Lake Country Club, Hinsdale, Illinois.
29—Interviewed on Monty Faye Show, WBKB-TV.
30—Two weddings.
Interview with Mr. John Brocker, of N.Y., re Christopher Morley, about whom he is writing a book.
Hospital calls.

FUNERALS

4—Mrs. Harriet Lee Rockwell
7—Henry Knorr
8—Mrs. Sadie Tinlin
18—Mrs. Ethel Hamacher
Sadie Marsh
21—Lillie H. Leeper

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Services (from 3rd Sunday in September to 2nd Sunday in June) ..... 11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Services (November to Easter) ..... 7:00 p.m.

Junior Church, Anderson Hall (during church season) ..... 9:30 a.m.

Pre-school children ..... 10:00 a.m.

Religious Inquiry Session for adults, Anderson Hall ..... 10:00 a.m.

Choir rehearsals every Sunday. New members welcome ..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club (single adults over 30) Sec., Mabel Snively BU 1-0416

Woman's Club: For summer events and Bazaar work, contact Mrs. Viggo Jensen, KI 5-1708, 4631 N. Keating, Chicago 30. During the church season meetings are held on the first and third Mondays, in Anderson Hall ..... 1:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club. For summer events contact Mrs. Ida Loe, RA 8-2146. During the church season Sunday Afternoon Teas are held in Anderson Hall on the second Sunday of the month ..... 4:00 p.m.

The Men's Club: Annual Show, Tuesday, June 7. Mrs. Cathryn Bennett has written and will produce the show, "The Circus Comes to Town." "Tea and Crumpets" will be served in Anderson Hall at 5:30 p.m., while Betty Bruce gives Spiritual Readings, Hand-writing Analysis and Palm Readings. During church season meetings are held the fourth Tuesday of each month, Anderson Hall. Mr. Harold E. Hansen, Corr. Sec., ED 4-5998 ..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*
Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave ..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule

WCFL, Dr. Bradley's Vesper Broadcast every Sunday ..... 5:45 p.m.

WBKB-TV, Dr. Bradley's daily TV Broadcast, Monday through Friday, beginning June 13 ..... 7:55 a.m.

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The latest report from radio station WLS shows that the 11 a.m. Sunday broadcast from The Peoples Church over WLS has the highest rating of any religious program originating in Chicago on any station at any hour.

For the great courtesy and support which Magikist Services are thus extending to The Peoples Church, we express our deepest gratitude.

Preston Bradley

A friendly hint from a neighbor

A recent nationwide study conducted by the Central Automobile Safety Committee of Kemper Insurance revealed that seven out of ten persons killed or injured in traffic accidents are innocent victims of law-violating drivers.

Here's a tip that may save lives, perhaps your own: KNOW and OBEY traffic laws and DEMAND and SUPPORT strict and impartial enforcement of realistic traffic laws.

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